Folks always named Harvet first, although she was the youngest. Reckon the reason Some way or other, Repelia with Haryet 'round."

By Frances Aymar Mathews right, 1912, by the New York Herald Co. All up as she answered me! "Carliney, Car-time, and of course Haryet got the best because there was a new young doctor Y sister Repelia had only two liney," says she, "you being a spinster, of that. Judge Gardins' wife came over coming, and folks allowed he'd be the one children, Haryet and Phebe, can't understand. When the right one to the Centre, asked Phebe to come and to fix up Haryet's eyes. comes along Haryet'll sense it, see if she live with her as "companion and so Well, he came, and he certainly was

"How about Phebe?" says I.



"Just beat my old spirit for pure joy."

did sort of like Phebe best. She certainly to say "no" to the sparks they didn't like wasn't real pretty, nithough her eyes were and to sit waitin' for the spark they could. big and gray, with thick straight black However, I didn't say that, and I'm awful winkers, and her hair was long and dark, glad I didn't, for along about December ad even if her nose was small and her that year Repelia she up and took sick mouth large, she had a smile that I loved, sitting up in a cold kitchen fixin' up a tind o' winsome like, made folks feel as frock for Haryet to wear to the art class pleasant as coming in to sit by a hot exhibition. You see, Haryet had been ove on a zero day or a peep of sunshine spending money and time learnin' china then the thunder clouds are blackest painting. Repella said Harvet was ar-Well, anyhow, Repelia, she never could tistic. I said she was puttin' her eves em to see any good looks about her old- out. None of her father's family had st. She was always expoundin' as to strong eyes, her grandfather went blind at Haryet's "Cupid bow mouth," which, I forty, and as to the cups and saucers she ok it, was rather heathenish, and be painted, if those were roses and daisies fides, this talkin' to a child about beaux then I am the livin' image of a cow. Any-

truments that turn up edge outwards alone to paddle their own canoe, which lite early enough in any girl's life. same wasn't a canoe, but instead, by a Don't know, though, as that's always merciful providence, for a cance would quite true. None of 'em turned up, edge-be a tight squeeze for housekeepin', they wise, sidewise or otherwise, in Beadmin-had the old house and the same frugal inster, so far as I and my two nieces were come which Repelia, poor soul, fancied concerned. That I'm positive of. You Haryet's painting was going to increase

ruck me as forehanded. Beaux being in way, those two nieces of mine were left

see, I lived right across the road from up in the early hundreds. Repelia at the fork roads. There wasn't Of course it didn't. Nobody wanted single tree between her house and mine, china paintings, and, just as I'd foretold.

and when I wasn't cuttin' and fittin' for Haryet's eyes gave out. She couldn't do my customers, why it was only human a thing, not a button or a stocking, but he did say was that Haryet mustn't use neighbors are doing, and specially what when she held forth about Haryet's looks, ers come in for a fittin'.

forth." Now, I guess I know what being just the kind I, for one, had been unconcompanion means, but as to the "so forth," sciously longin' to see. All straight and "Phebe!" Repelia seemed surprised as I said to Phebe after Haryet had car-well made, with his clothes bangin' on was because Harget was count"Thebe!" Repelia seemed surprised as I said to Phebe after Harget had carwen made,
"Why, Carliney! Phebe won't ever at ried on about her acceptin' it, "After im's if they belonged to him and not to so handsome and her ma's favorite pa died when both girls were four "Why, Carliney! Phebe won't ever at-ried on about her acceptin' it, "After im's if they belonged to him and not to tract a beau. I can't expect that, not all," says I, "Phebe, perhaps 'so forth' ome other shaped man. Nice, kind eyes might have meant cleanin' and mendin' and a smile. Well, come to think of it er did set much store by Phebe, but I are just the ones that do understand, be- n', bakin', brewin', picklin', milkin'. I've to Phebe's. Then, his hands were comare just the ones that do understand, ben', bakin', brewin', pickin, musin. I ve to the cause they're the ones who've had the grit beerved that's what it means for a wife, fortable, claspin' good, not too close' but nd it might mean the same for a com- tender and masculine.

As I say, he came, and from the first But Phebe she cried herself sick. Know call he did seem to size up Haryet's he did by the look in her sea blue eyes, case and to take the deepest interest in She never said a word, only when Haryet it. He came to Beadminster along about ook on rampin' and ravin' about being March; spring was awful early that year, eft alone and crossing to my house to bluebirds and robins and blackbirds talkleep nights. Phebe smiled as if she was ing in April, sap running high and shrubs ust wakin' up and grectin' the sun after in blossom, so that by May I was sittin' storm and said quietly, "Don't worry on my porch sewin'; had my machine out ny more, Haryet, I'm not goin' to leave there, and my Japan screens hung, so's

I could do fittin' outside, too. I always Sure I was kind of glad about Phebe's was glad of a forehanded spring. Winter giving in that time, because Haryet's always did seem long to me, because I yes got terrible bad, so's she couldn't see couldn't hear folks talking when I was ut's far as the road, nor folks passin', shut up indoors, while in warm weather, or what they had on, and that struck me why! sure's you live, I heard every word as bein' the hardest luck, not being able my nieces and their callers said plain's to make out who was wearin' old fashioned if I was with 'em. And that was cheery. styles and who wasn't. Anyway, Dr. Life lan't worth anything, seems to me, Champ couldn't do anything more, and all if you don't have some idea of what your



Under the Elm.

nature to look over at what was going on, just sit and look out at whatsoever was her eyes scarcely at all. Which, seeing they're saying. Anyway, Dr. Morris cer-Nothing in the beaux line of business. I passin' by, and that wasn't much, except that she couldn't use 'em, and that that tainly was attentive. It was Thursday, used to remark this to Repelia, especially on market days and when I had custom- was the whole trouble with her, didn't I remember-that was our first real warm strike me as being as senselike as it day-I was makin' up Swisses for Mrs. and how her Roman nose did try to turn Then there came along an awful fussin' might. However, it didn't matter much, Field's girls, sittin' comfortablelike behind warman wa

with grand and gorgeous schemes, and in hand:—
secordance with these theories of youthful self-government she proceeded to have "Mr. George Vanderpool. her class elect president, vice president ear. But you must obay ear secretary, and to appoint a police ear. But you must obay police dept. Yrs. Truely, man, the last named having as his chief duty to go after children who overstayed the two minute limit when they went downstairs for a drink.

The teacher prided herself on her acuteness in selecting a wiry and active sets on the tennis courts in Central E had had intimate acquaintance four months, yours being the 1,014th to class, for this office. But the appointment, be figured, would give him something inundge of office and not for chastising pur. you do?" poses, and the latter to keep tab.

The day after the appointment George was, indeed, a hard problem. obtained permission to get a drink. Jack saited not the minutest fraction of a Youthful Damon and Pythias. second beyond the allotted two minutes

VICTORIA, aged ten, is class presibefore him—"shay, m' fren', are them
things movin', or am I seein' things?" es later the teacher heard sounds of a tiolenr scuttle in the ball. Before she The reacher disentangled them as best she light brown hair, with single curl could, and George, his face flushed and accorned with large light blue ribbon bow, large blue goggle eyes fairly rolling, was make her an attractive figure.

without display of hard feelings toward shyly exhibited to her teacher.

He was a young teacher, but full of Senthusiasm and theories, while entired by lacking experience in managing to conceal, the strong place of the The Recent studies on the subject of day when she found this note on the floor, why, he would have waded through rivers wrote to the gum manufacturers:

day when she found this note on the floor, why, he would have waded through rivers wrote to the gum manufacturers:

"Everybody's chewin' it, chewin' it."

"New York, Sept. 18, 1912. "Dene Sen:-I am sory if I burt yure

ear. But you must obay the orders of the "JACK MORGAN. "Police Comishoner."

### Youthful Philosophy.

THREE boys were resting between Park.

"There goes Sadie," said one. "Betcha leresting with which to occupy his mind. Iwo to one she picks up my hat and face cars in Brooklyn in which the "ads" One youngster, George Vanderpool, a throws it off the court. There! Wha'd revolve, that all who sit may read. He persistent offender, came to grief as soon I tell you? That's the way. If it's a a Jack Morgan was installed as officer fella' smaller 'n you that does anything of the law. Jack had fitted himself out like that you c'n lick 'im. If he's larger about with bleary eyes. Then he looked with an eighteen inch flat ruler and the than you are you can anyway kick "im up, became interested, opened his eyes eacher's clock, the former merely as a in the shins. But if it's a girl, what kin wider and then actually looked ashamed,

And his auditors sighed in silence. It

John is vice president and Charles Assured that they were really moving. would reach the door it flew open and secretary. The latter two are frank he heaved a sigh of great relief, looked in rolled a tangled mass of arms and legs, devotees at the shrine of the fair Vic- at the signs with a softer eye and then "That pleasure to a later day, was the policeman and his prisoner, toria, whose clear blue eyes and wavy dozed off into a peaceful nap.

rubbing his car as he scrambled to his Both sent their adored one valentines, ambitious lace paper affairs embellished "Teacher," he exclaimed indignantly te- with hearts and turtle doves and all the tween breaths, "he pulled me by the car!" usual appurtenances supposed to be dear Jack rejoined energetically, but entirely to the feminine fancy. These Victoria a gum concern. What do you think of

He Who Would Be Obeyed. his prisoner :- "Miss Johnstone, I had to Charles stayed after school that after this for a slogan? 'Everybody's chewin'

ors. Recent studies on the subject of her gravity was disturbed later in the pretty teacher, like many another boy- "You might dress it up this way," he " What?"

erasers in Christendom. The teacher took occasion to poke a little kindly fon at Charles over the valen- treetines, and suggested that he send Vic- "GIM!" toria a bunch of flowers. But Charles, This he sent along for whatever the couthful Damon, with a gallantry worthy gum concern thought fair. This was the of the best days of chivalry, replied :reply:-"No, I don't want to take any advantage

# of John. He's my friend."

They Were Really Moving. with the contents of several flagons date. Respectionly pour. "Epstein Springeries Co., per P. D. Q."

lurched heavily into a seat and gazed even worried

"Shay," he said confidentially, as he Expressed in phrases courteous; nudged his neighbor, while gazing at the advertisements of talcum powder, soap, dandruff cure and what not as they passed "Office of the So and So,"

## A Thousand to Beat Him.

A! An idea!" exclaimed Fredericks to his wife. This was so unusual that Mrs. With growing discontent, Fredericks perked up:-"Don't say!"

Which he sent out to sell, Entitling it "My Swan Song." Now hearken what befell. The editor returned it. Together with a note Its contents we will quote :-

"'Why, Epstein's Sprucetree, Spruce-

"Dear Sir -Acknowledging your letter

of September 23, we thank you for the

courtesy, but this same suggestion has

appeared in our daily mail for the last

Ambiguous.

THE poet composed a mournful ade,

(A recent date) "Dear Sir :-Your 'Swan Song' we'd be glad to print, "Why, my eyes must be better, Fliebe! I can tell, for I heard her say to Phebe ris does come back." Yet fear we must defer

So we return the sons, But hope the right occasion Presents itself ere long."

The poet perused the little note And wondered most unensily "Yep! I'm going to suggest an 'ad' for Precisely how 'twas meant.

And Phebe answered, "I won't any I'rovidence must have realized how anx- or Pheba-



"His wands were comfortable, claspin' good."

my screens, when I heard Haryet say to more, dear. You must have this frock; jous I was-he led her across the road her sister :-I'll never wear it again."

"I am sure of it, Phebe." "Are you, dear?" says Phebe.

their porch, too. Well, her cheeks were take its way wavy round her ears and liered in it, and that night I knew. as pink as my double peonles' and there forehead.

and the pink frock was on Haryet. Haryet went straight on. "There's My! how I did enjoy my porch and And she looked straight off up into the nothing else on earth he could come here screens that season, if you'd believe it. sky. for, because just to see my eyes and just by sittin' there working and keeping "Do you love any one else better?" write prescriptions would not bring him my ears open. Well, what of it? Wasn't says beevery day nor keep him here so long, I their own aunt, their nearest kin? And And with her big eyes fixed onto would it?"

Harvet?"

he came soon. I'd noticed Phebe wearin' Phebe. My! but that was love makin'! "What else could be come so often for, pink and a ribbon in her hair long back. I'd never heard none on my own special and a comb with spangles on it, and in-account, and it did my soul good to listen Then I did peep out one side the screen stead of dragging her hair back like a to it-true, honest, fine, manly-bein' said to see Phebe's face; they were out on frightened rabbit's she had been lettin' it out to another woman. I'd always be-

was starlight glistening in her eyes. She Next day Phebe's hair was drawn tight did. didn't say a word, only went on peeling as a drumhead, no ribbon onto it, no comb, "Don't you care a little for me?" says

by going to the store twice a week I got Harret, rockin' there on the porch, Phebe

Phebe said "no," kind of whispery-like, acquainted with all the family news modded her head and walked over home. and then she asked, "Do you love him, Being, as Repelia said, a spinster, how Next day, yes, the very next day. Dr. And I wish you could have seen Because in order to do that a woman I knew it was for good, although there

Looked Straight Off to the Sky.

face. She didn't speak, but she got up self he don't mind that.

her head and cried out;-

was not fair enough for pink."

Phobe," Haryet said, peevishlike.

Harret's face; first time I ever thought must know what's going on. her handsome; she just shone like a Well, anyway, Haryet was so weak took down sudden and his Pa being struck beautiful lamp flame shines through a that spring she didn't get to the store, apopletic. None of that bothered me, but rosy shade; sort of angelic and creepy, but Phebe bought for her a piece of I did wonder how Phebe would fix it up "Yes, I love him, Phebe," says she. | muslin, ten pieces of edging, four pieces for Haryet. Why, just this way:-They

to that bench of mine under the elm, and Then Phebe went indoors, and doctor then and there Dr. Morris proposed to And Phebe? She refused hinr; yes, she

else was I to lead a happy feminine life? Morris left Beadminster, bug and buggage. I was people' round the screen and, of lace and a piece of pink ribbon, real lived on their porch along in August and of course I looked at Phebe to see how Larrow, and how Phebe sewed! Her September; Harret's eyes were getting worse, too. She couldn't see to read a going without proposing, but Phebe comforted her, sayin' he would surely write. Phebe was in a pickle most ways, so far as I can see. Love is pickling his folks all the time; she couldn't tell Harvet the truth. That would have killed her. She herself was struck dumb by the doctor's leaving, and if he had stayed she couldn't have told him the truth either and put her sister to open confusion, so she thought, I suppose, of letters as bein' natural and proper.

But they didn't come. No, not they, and Haryet, she pined and drooped and wasted and thinned down awful, sayin' if she didn't hear she'd die.

So one day I saw Phebe writing, writing. And then when she came back from the post office and Haryet stretched her hand for a letter like she always did Phebe said, "Your letter has come, dear." Haryet couldn't see, so Phebe read her the letter that I had seen her write. True! And Haryet picked up wonderfully. Those letters came twice a week from that day on. I heard the most of 'em read out and they were levely. Never had one of my own, but it did make my ears ring and sing to hear those love letters Phebe seemed to know how to write. Sometimes when she was reading 'em the tears were falling on the page, but Harvet never knew; Haryet was real happy, seeing as the letters said steady, every one of 'em, right along from August up to Thanksthe took it, thinkin' she certain sure'd machine hummed every minute she had givin', that her lover was "comin' soon."

ike Dr. Morris for brother-in-law. But, from housework, makin' underclothes, But of course he didn't come. Christmas oh Lord! No, I don't mean irreverence, Sure, they never told me, but I saw it all; came. New Year's came, Washington's and Lincoln's and Easter; and all the time just big reverence and dumfoundedness gettin' ready for Haryet's wedding. I Phebe with her sea-blue eyes, writin', a-calling on the Almighty because no one thought Dr. Morris must be terribly in writin', readin', readin' to Haryet twice a down here 'mongst us could understand love to be courting a girl that was nearly week reglar. But Haryet, just when the nor read what was written on Phebe's blind, but I s'pose as Love's blind him- sap was running up, when the bluebirds was coming back and the frost givin' way o the sunshine—well. Haryet she got kind and carried the pan of potatoes into the 1 remember it was Saturday evening of tired of waiting. She said:-"Tve been

house, and when she came back she along in early July, Haryet was waiting loved, Phebe, and that's everything. And fetched cakes and cider and had her for the doctor; no, they weren't engaged you never have. Ma always said I'd have fetched cakes and cider the doctor; no, they weren't engaged a splendid lover, but that you never would, crochet work, too, when Haryet raised but everybody in Beadminster guessed, And it's come out so; but, after all, perand Haryet-just how she felt about it haps I won't be just here when John Mor-

Have you got on a pink frock? No! that she was sure Dr. Morris was goin' And she wasn't. She was awful self-You haven't. Think of you in pink! to propose to her that very night. S'pose ish, but that was Repelia's fault, not hers. Pink's my color. You never had a pink you think I was nort of eavesdroppin. She was buried on the first of June.

ribbon even, in your life. Ma lowed you but laws, I don't pretend to be anything ack. Just to pass through, he said. But but a daughter of Eve, and I was those 1-why, yes, spinsters have their uses-I "It's pink," was what Phebe said soft- girls' aunt. Phebe set out down street ust up and told him the whole ly. "Reckon the doctor'll be coming allowing the doctor would drive up in his ruth, eavesdroppin' and all, and he went buggy. Haryet sat rockin' steady and nd, well, that time I went indoors and "I don't want you to wear my color, complacent like. But, doctor, walking, sat down and just beat my old spinet for met Phebe outside their gate-and sure pure joy. And I made the wedding dress